THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DYER.

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WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

O Britons! O my Countrymen! beware;
Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous---O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin, is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten--and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

RUINS OF ROME.

LONDON:
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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1788.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DYER.

CONTAINING HIS

GRONGAR HILL, | COUNTRY WALK,
RUINS OF ROME, | INQUIRY,
FLEECE. FOUR BOOKS | EPISTLES,

&c. &c. &c.

For me, 't is mine to pray that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart
And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,
In life's rough race. O be it as my wish!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

THE FLEECE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. ✻

THE LIFE OF

JOHN DYER.

Mr. John Dyer was born in Caermarthenshire, and educated at Westminster School. His father, an attorney of great practice and reputation, intended to introduce this his second son into his own business; but his genius led him a different way: besides his early taste for poetry, he had a passion no less strong for the arts of design; and he determined to make painting his profession.

With this view he made the voyage of Italy, where, besides the usual study of the remains of antiquity, and the works of the great masters, he frequently spent whole days in the country about Rome and Florence, sketching those picturesque prospects with facility and spirit. Images from hence naturally transported themselves into his poetical compositions. The principal beauties of The Ruins of Rome are perhaps of this kind, and the various landscapes in The Fleece have been particularly admired.

On his return to England he soon found he could not relish a town life, nor submit to the assiduity required in his profession: his talent indeed was rather for sketching than finishing. So he contentedly sat down in the country with his little fortune, painting now and then a portrait or a landscape, as his fancy led him.

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As his turn of mind was rather serious, and his conduct had been irreproachable, he very properly followed the opinion of his friends, who advised him to enter into orders. And after some time spent upon a small cure in Warwickshire, his worthy character, and the merit of his poetical performances, recommended him to the notice of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who presented him successively to the rectories of Belchford and Kerkby in Lincolnshire: as did Sir John Heathcote to that of Coningsby in the same county. Upon this latter preferment, he resided till the end of 1757, when a consumptive disorder, with which he had long struggled, carried him off at last in the 59th year of his age.

His character as a writer has been freed by the following pieces published by himself, and now first collected; wherein a poetical imagination perfectly original; a natural simplicity, connected with and often productive of, the true sublime, and the warmest sentiments of benevolence and virtue, have been universally taken notice of. As a member of society the same simplicity appeared in his manners, joined with a liberal turn of thinking, which seldom solicited a favour, and never lost a friend.

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

THE CHOICE.

TO MR. DYER. BY AARON HILL, ESQ.

While, charm'd with Abergasney's quiet plains,
The Muses and their empress court your strains,
Tir'd of the noisy Town, so lately try'd,
Methinks I see you smile on Towsy's side;
Pensive, her mazy wand'rings you unwind,
And on your river's margin calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bless'd—Whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wisdom tempers your desires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad serene,
And marking both extremes pass clear between.
  Oh! could your lov'd example teach your skill,
And as it moves my wonder mend my will,
Calm would my passions grow--my lot would please,
And my sick soul might think itself to ease;
But to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips undistinguish'd by:
Still what I would contends with what I can,
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.
  If in my pow'r it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope,
This were my Choice—Oh, Friend! pronounce me poor;
For I have wants which wealth can never cure!
  Let others, with a narrow'd stint of pride,
In selfish views a bounded hope divide:

If I must wish at all—Desires are free;
High as the highest I would wish to be;
Then might I, sole supreme, act unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bless mankind.
Mean is that soul whom its own good can fill!
A prosp'rous world alone could feast my will.
He's poor at best who others' misery sees,
And wants the wish'd-for pow'r to give them ease;
A glory this unreach'd but on a throne:
All were enough—and less than all is none.
This my first wish:—but since 't is wild and vain
To grasp at glitt'ring clouds with fruitless pain,
More safely low let my next prospect be,
And life's mild ev'ning this fair sunset see.
Far from a lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a state
Whose little greatness is a pride I hate,
On some lone wild should my large house be plac'd,
Vastly surrounded by a healthful waste!
Steril and coarse the untry'd soil should be,
Till forc'd to flourish and subdu'd by me. [skies,
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams, and
Should with a changeful grandeur charm my eyes!
Where'er I walk'd effects of my past pains
Should plume the mountain-tops and paint the plains:
Greatly obscure, and shunning courts or name,
Widely befriended, but escaping fame,
Peaceful, in studious quiet would I live,
Lie hid for leisure, and grow rich to give!

TO MR. DYER.

BY CLIO *.

I'AVE done thy merit and my friendship wrong
In holding back my gratitude so long;
The soul is sure to equal transport rais'd
That justly praises, or is justly prais'd:
The gen'rous only can this pleasure know,
Who taste the godlike virtue—to bestow!
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend,
And feel the very praises which I send;
Nor jealousy nor female envy find,
Tho' all the Muses are to Dyer kind.
  Sing on! nor let your modest fears retard,
Whose verse and pencil join to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays in double wreath,
Your poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.
  I wish to praise you, but your beauties wrong;
No theme looks green in Clio's artless song;
But your's will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful soul will flourish there.
My humbler lot was in low distance laid:
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For household cares and empty trifles meant;
The name does immortality prevent.
Yet let me stretch beyond my sex my mind,
And rising, leave the flutt'ring train behind:

* Among the poems of Mr. Savage is an epistle occasioned by Mr. Dyer's picture of this lady.

Nor art nor learning wish'd assistance lends,
But Nature, Love and Music, are my friends.

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR HILL,

In answer to his from the country.

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the op'ning spring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes in thy verse and friendship ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh! could my soul thro' depths of knowledge see,
Could I read Nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the rocks of Fate,
And draw ev'n Envy to the humblest state.
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care;
The Muse's mansion is at best but air:
But if more solid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfinish'd structures fall by Fortune's storms.
Oft' have I said we falsely those accuse
Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.
Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm when millions wake unblest:

Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I sought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Tho' verse can never give my soul her aim;
Tho' action only claims substantial fame;
Tho' Fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, Heav'n! by knowledge to aspire:
Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd Truth, and bid her bless mankind!
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
Arm Want with patience, and teach Wealth relief!
To serve lov'd Liberty inspire my breath;
Or, if my life be useless, grant me death:
For he who useless is in life survey'd
Burthens that world his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains most who least has serv'd mankind?
Titles when worn by fools I dare despise;
Yet they claim homage when they crown the wise.
When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
But who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
Those trees with sweetest charms invite our eyes
Which from our own ingraftment fruitful rise.
Still we love best what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would nor envy nor deride,
Nor stoop to swell a vain superior's pride,

Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes,
Nor crush the wretch beneath who wailing lies:
My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my state,
Nor misuse wit against an absent friend;
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight;
Meek tho' exalted; tho' disgrac'd elate:
Gen'rous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live,
Grateful to serve, and gen'rous to forgive.
This may they learn who close thy life attend,
Which, dear in mem'ry, still instructs thy friend.
Tho' cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul, clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Thro' her deep wo that quick'ning comfort gleams,
And lights up Fortitude with Friendship's beams.

MISCELLANIES.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple ev'ning lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft' I have, the ev'ning still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towsy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistoes shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heav'n's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
  Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye:
Deep are his feet in Towsy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
  'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.

Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm!

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass;
As yon' summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.
O! may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see,
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;

While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye Courts! be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flow'rs Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side,
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

Aspice murorum moles, praeruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vesta theatra situ:
Haec sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantae
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas! JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud Antiquity, thro' various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote, beyond
The vale of Arno, purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse!
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
Lo, the resistless theme! imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap! her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations, fall'n! obscur'd in dust;
Ev'n yet majestical: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft upon the glittering plain,

Like broken rocks, a vast circumference!
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifléd moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on bury'd tombs!
Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immense leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Gray-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, tho' the clefted domes
Tremble to ev'ry wind. The pilgrim oft',
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast, the voice of time-disparting tow'rs
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates*: they with dropping locks
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.
Yet here, advent'rous in the sacred search

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Thro' spiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows
On num'rous arches rear'd; and, frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of aisles and halls within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vale and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder! how they heave their rocks in vain!
Tho' now incessant time has roll'd around,
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell
In vain, convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.
  Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,

And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines, and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers;
A solemn wilderness! with error sweet
I wind the lingering steep, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous gods
Of fear and ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths*
In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)
At length ascrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.
  How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking bust! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar, raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see,

* Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

Desponding Brutus! dubious of the right,
In evil days of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd,
His outstretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold,
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war,
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent; the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rouz'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
So rose the Roman state. Me now of these
Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay
Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct *

* From the Palatin Hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

The num'rous porticos and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak; so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' relics o'er th' Egyptian plain;
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Tho' graceful Athens in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its vary'd light,
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-wid'ning to the verge,
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome and her attendant realms,
When, drunk with rule, she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out rush'd,
Before th' innumerable shouting crowd,
The fiery madded tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart,
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye!

Behold yon' steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd *
In ancient days the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin thro' dim cerulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends, and tower'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too-prosp'rous Israel from his living Strength.
And next regard yon' venerable dome
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round, of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work
Of human skill! Here, curious Architect,
If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture; nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight

* the Capitol.

Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Boasted their order, with Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes, convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies:
And there the temple where the summon'd state*
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The veh'ment orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours; Ambition sinks her crest;
And, lo! the villain, like a troubled sea
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd
Shall treason walk? shall proud Oppression yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo! the wretch abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty!
Parent of happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul
His sacred genius thou: be Britain's care;
With her secure prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
E'en yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs,

* The temple of Concord, where the Senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

In mask and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou thy nobler Britons teach to rule,
To check the ravage of tyrrannic sway,
To quell the proud, to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Inestimable good! who giv'st us truth,
Whose hands upleads to light, divinest Truth!
Array'd in ev'ry charm; whose hand benign
Teaches unweary'd Toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whose num'rous towns, and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in strength,
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler pray'r;
And thine those piles * undeck'd, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth, where tender Charity

* The public granaries.

Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
Thine, too, those musically-falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever, while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales, and woods, and towns,
Glide the soft-whisp'ring waters in the wind,
And, here united, pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works;
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.
  Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome †
Couches beneath the ruins; there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous, to fling the pointed lance,
To vault the steed, or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or, wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breast,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches, all their wars,

† Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame!
Deserve they not regard? o'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war,
So many pomps, so many wond'ring realms:
Yet still thro' mountains pierc'd, or vallies rais'd,
In even state to distant seas around
They stretch their pavements. Lo! the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince who to the trust of pow'r,*
Was honest, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding aisles remain, the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the sunk roof.—O'er which, in distant view,
Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid † divides
The mould'ring wall, behold yon' fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,

* Begun by Vespasian and finished by Titus.

† The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls *,
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.
These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead thro' various toils up the rough steep
Its hero to the skies; and his dark tow'r †
Whose execrable hand the City fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome ‖;
And the rough relics of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
Sits piping with his oaten reed, as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king!
Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;

* The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.
† Nero's.
§ The Palatine library.

So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon' hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his pow'r; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies:
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently-wak'ning call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool ev'ning comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon' tow'rs,
As thro' two shady cliffs: away, my Muse!
Tho' yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight

The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft' hence conveys; and ev'ry realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts;
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.
Suffice it now th' Esquilian Mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement. A low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters thro' the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain, here his laurels grew;
Here oft' the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who so well inspir'd
Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme

Melodious ; ev'n the rugged sons of War,
Ev'n the rude hinds, rever'd the poet's name :
But now—another age, alas ! is ours—
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother ; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
Th' o'erflowing wave--enough--the plaint disdain.--
 Seest thou yon' fane ? ev'n now incessant time *
Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust ;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus ! and thy brother twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive, while oft' the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and form'd your tender
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed [limbs :
Your sacred infancies ; your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs ; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

Elate with joy, Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring swains, and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.
  Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd;
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flow'ry vallies? they, content,
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste, and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.
They thro' all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebeia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,

Their dauntless courage: storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd;
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores, till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The City gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart,
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtless wing
Of vict'ry dreadful roll'd its grinding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd till Fame was silent of their foes.
And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated greave and corselet, hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.
  Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter-storm and summer beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice

Withers each nerve, and opens ev'ry pore
To painful feeling; flow'ry bow'rs they seek,
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)
Or cool nymphean grots, or tepid baths;
(Taught by the soft Iönians) they along
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseat air with fond expense:
Thro' silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while Luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of Voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food.
And flavour'd Chian wines, with incense fam'd,
To slake Patrician thirst: for these their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the market throngs.
But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm Corruption with his doles?

He be the monarch of the state; and, lo!
Didius, vile usurer! thro' the crowd he mounts *,
Beneath his feet the Roman Eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O Britons! O my Countrymen! beware;
Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war;
Immortal Cæsar! lo! a god, a god!
He cleaves the yielding skies. Cæsar mean while
Gathers the ocean pebbles, or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!
The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.
But see along the North the tempest swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease, and Luxury! O Luxury!

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin, is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful atrraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

THE FLEECE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quae prima sit si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam i' praecipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora praebit velamina.

COLUMELLA.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general fit for sheep: for fine-woolled sheep: for long-woolled sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tupping-time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates exemplified, with respect to Lapland, Italy, and Arabia. Of sheep shearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural Nymphs!
Ye Swains, and princely Merchants! aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted Guardians of our Isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth,
To the great charge assigns! ye Good of all

Degrees, all sects! be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly thou,
The people's Shepherd, eminently plac'd,
Over the numerous swains of every vale,
With well-permitted power and watchful eye
On each gay field to shed beneficence,
Celestial office! Thou protect the song.

On spacious airy downs and gentle hills,
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
Where smiling Phœbus tempers ev'ry breeze,
The fairest flocks rejoice: they nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain,
Evils deform'd and foul; nor with hoarse cough
Disturb the music of the past'ral pipe;
But, crowding to the note, with silence soft
The close-woven carpet graze, where Nature blends
Flow'rets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

All arid soils, with sand or chalky flint,
Or shells deluvian mingled, and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard; and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper, arise;

Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
  Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods
And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such those slow-climbing wilds that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton*,
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
Where solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss,
Ruin of ages! nods: such, too, the leas
And ruddy tilth which spiry Ross beholds,
From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemster's brooky track and airy Croft †;
And such Harleian Eywood's ‡ swelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea;
And Shobden ||, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods,
And girt with all Siluria §, sees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.

* Normanton, a seat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.
† Croft, a seat of Sir Archer Croft.
‡ Eywood, a seat of the Earl of Oxford.
|| Shobden, a seat of Lord Bateman.
§ Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, &c

Pleasant Siluria ! land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum *, or that hill
Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
  But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian Fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs thro' the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes:
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The blackening shower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion spread
Thro' all thy glebe ; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage : and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.
  Yet some defect in all on earth appears ;
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
Too cold the grassy mantle of the marle,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft

* Treacherous Falernum, because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare:
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail
At a meet distance from the upland ridge
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure,
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plough not such pastures; deep in spungy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And soundest: in new herbage, coughs are heard.
  Nor love too frequent shelter, such as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern * wall'd,
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetians †, who along their mossy dales
Consume, like grashoppers, the summer hour,
While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread
Their dust saline upon the deepening grass;

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

† Dimetia, Caermarthenshire, in South Wales.

And oft' with labour-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meand'ring rills
Of upper hamlets. Haughty trees that sour
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set moulds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd;
Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
The little smiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little smiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only soil, there also must be found
Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,
Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.
In vain the silken Fleece on windy brows,
And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills,
Is sought, tho' soft Iberia spreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biscaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
Libya's hot plains. What taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold? no more
Food to the flock than to the miser wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap and starves.

Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining Fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Basely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which with felon fraud
For its own wanton mouth from thousands steals.
How erring oft' the judgment in its hate
Or fond desire! Those slow-descending showers,
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November, (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate) are gifts the Pleiads shed,
Britannia's handmaids: as the beverage falls
Her hills rejoice, her vallies laugh and sing.
Hail, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and clouds, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of Mists and Vapours! these thy sons
With their cool arms compress, and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.
See the sun gleams, the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault!
How verdurous the lawns! how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,

So sleek, so vast! such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia! happy if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific, add, and stately ships
Innumerous. But whither strays my Muse?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand,
Arriv'd of bright Augusta, wild he roves,
From deck to deck, thro' groves immense of masts;
'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Thro' wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
In sweet surprise, unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
Each object singly, with discoveries new
His native country studious to enrich.

Ye shepherds! if your labours hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed
To soil and clime adapted. Every soil
And clime, e'en every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each
The Great Invisible, and each to all,
Thro' earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits.
Tempestuous regions, Darwent's naked peaks *,
Snowden and blue Plynlymmon, and the wide
Aërial sides of Cader-yddris huge †;

* Darwent's naked Peaks, the Peaks of Derbyshire
† Snowden, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of Fleece
Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal:
But hills of milder air, that gently rise
O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate:
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotswold downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd thro' the sandy soil
Of elmy Ross *, or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea,
Regard this sort, and hence thy sire of lambs
Select: his tawny Fleece in ringlets curls;
Long swings his slender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
That grace the columns of th' Iönic dome.
Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields †,
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street;
That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
Whose Fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain:
The ram short-limb'd, whose form compact describes

‡ Ross, a town in Herefordshire.

* Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby in Warwickshire and Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

One level line along his spacious back;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
 Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,
That copious Nature, who, in ev'ry change,
In each variety, with wisdom works,
And powers diversified of air and soil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marle, Egyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,
With different stores supply the marts of trade:
Hence Zembla's icy tracks no bleaters hear:
Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their Fleece;
Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
And summers bath'd in dew: on Syrian sheep
The costly burden only loads their tails:
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's, tribe
Adorn; but sleek of flix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
The sands. No Fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the Fleece. The food of wool
Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms
In temp'rate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.

Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul water lingers on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark when tepid gleams
Oft' mingle with the pearls of summer-show'rs,
And swell too hastily the tender plains;
Then snatch away thy sheep: beware the rot;
And with detersive bay-salt rub their mouths,
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay;
Or to the marish guide their easy steps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads,
Sagacious care foreacts. When strong disease
Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,
Hard is the strife of art. The coughing pest
From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away.

That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
Tho' late, discern; when on the lifted lid,
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale,
The swelling liver then her putrid store
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy skill exert,
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:
Again detersive salt apply, or shed
The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food.

In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft' complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the Halt:
Those let the neighb'ring fold or ready crook
Detain, and pour into their cloven feet
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry allum, verdigrise, or vitriol keen:
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,

'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,
And salt again. Th' utility of salt
Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold
Are the diseases of the bleating kind.
Th' infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence
Explor'd its pow'rs, and easy med'cine thence
Sought for the poor. Ye poor! with grateful voice
Invoke eternal blessings on his head.
Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know,
Driv'n oft' from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,
Whom sacred instinct would securely lead.
But thou, more humble swain! thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field,
Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.
Rain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek
Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.
By their All-perfect Master inly taught,
They best their food and physic can discern;
For he, Supreme Existence! ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe
With what a regular consent they crop,
At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unsav'ry crow-flow'r; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,

Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom Nature loves,
And with her salutary rules intrusts,
Benevolent Mackenzie*! say the cause.
This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense:
Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
Is wisely giv'n: harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reason, (blush, vain Man!)
And turn the wheels of Nature's vast machine.
  See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy shears true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return;
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop; or who at ev'ry gate
Or hillock rub their sores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before th' autumnal months. Ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour: oft' renew,
And thro' thy fold let joyous youth appear.
  Beware the season of imperial Love,
Who thro' the world his ardent spirit pours;
Ev'n sheep are then intrepid! the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field:
All rivals keep aloof, or desp'rate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash

* Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, now of Drumsheugh, near Edinburgh.

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Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale resounds:
The flock, amaz'd, stands safe afar; and oft'
Each to the other's might a victim falls;
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous tow'rs of Salem to the dust.
  Wise custom at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they've past the twelfth of orient morn,
Castrates the lambkins; necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has griev'd,
In those rough months that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,
And leads them skipping to the flow'rs of May;
May! who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary houseless common fields,
Worn by the plough; but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land,
Nor in too narrow bounds the pris'ners crowd;
Nor ope the wattled fence while balmy Morn
Lies on the reeking pasture: wait till all
The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.
  In teasing fly-time, dank or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins between the parted locks:
Thus the Brigantes: 'tis not idle pains:

* The Brigantes, the inhabitants of Yorkshire.

Nor is that skill despis'd which trims their tails,
Ere summer-heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.
  To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require; and ever learn
Quick ether's motions: oft' the scene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance: these the moon will tell,
Each bird, and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe.
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but ere rain
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed.
Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,
Scatt'ring them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear
Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cots, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm;
There let them sojourn, till gay Progne skims
The thick'ning verdure and the rising flow'rs.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent bitten fields, while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay, then be their feet

Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage; lest, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste,
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continued feeble pulse of life,
The glebe, their Fleece, their flesh, by hunger gnaw'd.
  Ah, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care;
But spread around thy tend'rest diligence
In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropp'd lamb,
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O! guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies, to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky:
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft' flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft' the dam

O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops, in many turns around,
And tires her, also turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms
Gently convey to the warm cot, and oft',
Between the lark's note, and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport:
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers:
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills:
Various as ether is the past'ral care:
Thro' slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson, gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft' receiv'd
With deep attention; such as Nuceus sings
To the full vale near Soar's † enamour'd brook,
While all is silence: sweet Hinclean swain!
Whom rude Obscurity severely clasps:
The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread sores cutaneous; but more frequent heat.
The fly-blown vermin from their woolly nest
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,

† Soar, a river in Leicestershire.

In littleness and number dreadful foes!
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,
As sure destroys as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.
With grateful heart, ye British Swains! enjoy
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
Lo! in the sprinkling clouds your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracks: his arrowy frosts,
That pierce thro' flinty rocks, the Lappian flies,
And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
A drear abode! from rose-diffusing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
Of fetid oil inflam'd, sea-monsters' spume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three slow gloomy months with various ills
Sullen he struggles; such the love of life!
His lank and scanty herds around him press,
As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
Their common sustenance; while ye, O Swains!
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Fed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
Where thick among the greens, with busy mouths

They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only at morning hour to interpose
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The wat'ry juices of the bossy root
Absorbing; or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes with wattled fence
Of furze or copse-wood in the lofty field,
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds:
Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silk'ning their Fleeces. Ye nor rolling hut
Nor watchful dog require, where never roar
Of savage tears the air, where careless Night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror strides, their stubborn rocks are rent,
Their mountains sink, their yawning caverns flame,
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian tow'rs,
And Herculanean, and what riotous stood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.
See the swift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighb'ring realms,
And spread their plains with desolation wide!
Yet your mild homesteads ever-blooming smile
Among embracing woods, and waft on high
The breath of plenty from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys curling o'er the gloomy trees

In airy azure ringlets to the sky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,
And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep,
Expensive toil, howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But those expensive toils are now no more,
Proud Tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
The shepherds' kingdom: dreary solitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
Of Athens, which in solemn silence sheds
Her venerable ruins to the dust.
The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food,
And shift their little home's uncertain scene
With frequent farewell; strangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard, nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of river, o'er their pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and long posterity to serve.
There, at the public hour of sultry noon,
They share the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,

And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns; then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength re-
And to her circling sheep refreshment gave. [mov'd,

Such are the perils, such the toils, of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse!
Swift turns the year, and our unnumber'd flocks
On Fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly Swains! the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
Of high Brigantium †, where, by ruddy flames
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil and the glaring mass
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flatt'ning the steel: from their rough hands receive
The sharpen'd instrument that from the flock
Severs the Fleece. If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flow'rs; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crow-foot and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,

† The caves of Brigantium---the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, where the shepherds' shears, and all edge-tools are made.

And plunge them one by one into the flood :
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
With his white flakes that glisten thro' the tide ;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising ; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy Fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil :
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin.
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute : 'tis the prudent part
To cherish, and be gentle, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Press not too close ; with caution turn the points,
And from the head in regular rounds proceed :
But speedy, when you chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat ;
And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous : thro' the gloom
Then thunder oft' with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n ; adown
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades !)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields :
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,

Bleating in vain are borne; and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At shearing-time along the lively vales
Rural festivities are often heard;
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And lusty merriment. While on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the Golden Age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance:
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep-remurm'ring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mix'd
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir,
Music of Paradise! which still is heard
When the heart listens, still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine;
As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.
Could I recall those notes which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides

Of blue-topp'd Wreakin † ! Yet the carols sweet
Thro' the deep maze of the memorial cell
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable Swain!
The soothest shepherd of the flow'ry vale.
"This is no vulgar scene; no palace-roof
"Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
"Their polish'd pillars as these aged oaks,
"Which o'er our Fleecy wealth and harmless sports
"Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms
"Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet Content,
"Ye gentle Shepherds! pillow us at night."
"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
"Rising and falling with the cheerful day,"
Colin reply'd; "and pleasing weariness
"Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
"Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
"The cries of Sorrow sadden all the streets,
"And the diseases of intemp'rate wealth.
"Alas! that any ills from wealth should rise!
"May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
"May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white lambs,
"Which with a pretty innocence of look
"Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
"May that great lamp which sinks behind the hills,
"And streams around variety of lights,
"Recall them erring! this is Damon's wish."

† Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.

"Huge Breaden's † stony summit once I climb'd
"After a kidling: Damon, what a scene!
"What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!
"Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods,
"And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
"The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these
"Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
"Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:
"Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds
"Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
"Which comes too late, that courts the taste in vain,
"Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye Rich!
"Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
"And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,
"We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
"Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky Fleece."
"Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, "while the Supreme accounts
"Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
"With king and priest: they also shepherds are;
"For so th'All-seeing stiles them, to remind
"Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
"But haste, begin the rites: see purple Eve
"Stretches her shadows: all ye Nymphs and Swains!
"Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
"Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
"Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear
"Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds;

† Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

"Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
"Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
"Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd
"Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,
"Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc †, swift of foot;
"And mingles various seeds of flow'rs and herbs,
"In the divided torrents, ere they burst
"Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.
"Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeaning herds,
"Nor penny-grass, nor spear-wort's pois'nous leaf."
He said: with light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil sprinkled with their sportive arms.
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn ‡,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides
Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Dispers'd in copious measure; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream

† Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.

‡ Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.

Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted; while the Mountain-woods
And winding vallies with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen, and to view the joyous scene.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the Fleece: skill in the assorting of it, particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the Fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common fields: inconveniencies of common fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures; yet all pastures improvable exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our island peculiarly excellent is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the Author for treating on this subject. Bishop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

Now of the sever'd lock begin the song
With various numbers, thro' the simple theme
To win attention: this, ye Shepherd Swains!
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray! if thou
Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muse above the grassy vale,
And hills, and woods, shall, singing, soar aloft;
And he whom learning, wisdom, candour, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his sire,
Royston! approve, and patronize the strain.
 Thro' all the brute creation none as sheep
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.

For him their udders yield nectareous streams;
For him their downy vestures they resign;
For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live,
And the permission use with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 't is the brute beyond;
And gluttons ever murders when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
All are not savage. Come, ye gentle Swains!
Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain;
Ye are the sons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
Come, gentle Swains! the bright unsully'd locks
Collect; alternate songs shall sooth your cares,
And warbling music break from every spray.
Be faithful, and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round; nor alien flake nor pitch enfold;
Stain not your stores with base desire to add
Fallacious weight; nor yet, to mimic those,
Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield†,
Lessen, with subtile artifice, the Fleece;
Equal the fraud: nor interpose delay,
Lest busy ether thro' the open wool

† Urchinfield, the country about Ross in Herefordshire.

Debilitating pass, and every film
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
Guard, too, from moisture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care:
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
And feeble Fleeces of distemper'd sheep,
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent
Allur'd, as the swift eagle to the fields
Of slaught'ring war or carnage: such apart
Keep for their proper use: our ancestors
Selected such for hospitable beds
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief
From battle or the chase of wolves return'd.
When many-colour'd ev'ning sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full orb'd, the silver harvest moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late a-field
His scatter'd sheaves collecting, then expect
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverse every plain
And every dale where farm or cottage smokes:
Reject them not; and let the season's price
Win thy soft treasures; let the bulky wain
Thro' dusty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That silently adown the cerule stream
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight
To copsy villages on either side,
And spiry towns, where ready diligence,

The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
  In the same Fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the sev'ral kinds.
But in this subtle science none exceed
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their spacious domes,
With boundless hospitality, receive
Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age: ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,
And soft, and rigid, pile in sev'ral heaps.
This the dusk hatter asks; another shines
Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;
But often it deceives the artist's care,
Breaking unuseful in the steely comb:
For this long spungy wool no more increase
Receives while winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of autumn stops; and what tho' spring
Succeeds with rosy fingers, and spins on
The texture; yet in vain she strives to link
The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
From winter's dead'ning frosts and whelming snows:

Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And swell their Fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloath'd Apulian†, by soft warmth improv'd;
Or let them inward heat and vigour find
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
Besides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lightest wool is theirs who poorly toil
Thro' a dull round in unimproving farms
Of common fields. Inclose, inclose, ye Swains!
Why will you joy in common field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
To mark your property? the mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint. Besides, in fields
Promiscuous held all culture languishes:
The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives;
Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
And barren furrows: none the rising grove
There plants for late posterity, nor hedge
To shield the flock, nor copse for cheering fire;
And in the distant village every hearth
Devours the grassy swerd, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain:

† The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their Fleeces.

Pernicious habit! drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilf'rer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals; or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's slow rip'ning fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.
There are who over-rate our spungy stores?
Who deem that Nature grants no clime but ours
To spread upon its fields the dews of heav'n,
And feed the silky Fleece; that card nor comb
The hairy wool of Gaul can ne'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap:
Illusion all; tho' of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue, nor their fruit
Upon our snowy flocks of small esteem:
The grain of brightest tincture none so well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins must to this
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.
And tho' with hue of crocus or of rose
No pow'r of subtle food, or air, or soil,
Can dye the living Fleece; yet 't will avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase:
Therefore from herbage of old pastur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not thro' whose recent turf

The miry soil appears; nor ev'n the streams
Of Yare or silver Stroud can purify
Their frequent sully'd Fleece; nor what rough winds
Keen biting on tempestuous hills, embrown.
  Yet much may be perform'd to check the force
Of Nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees
Warm shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.
Labour and Art will every aim achieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level†, erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy Fleeces to deform,
And, smiling with her lure of summer flow'rs,
The heavy ox vain struggling to ingulf;
Till one of that high honour'd patriot name,
Russel! arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And thro' his new creation led the Ouze
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams:
God-like beneficence! from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove.
  But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable track! the traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shudd'ring with fear: ev'n such perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil

† Bedford Level, in Cambridgeshire.

Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: it's art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flow'rs
And foodful pulse the fields that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil,
With patient Art, effect? There was a time
When other regions were the swain's delight,
And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
But of rude baskets, homely rustic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient Culture, and o'er sinking woods
High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake
Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives,
And in the regions oft' of active Gaul
O'er less'ning vineyards spreads the growing turf.
In eldest times, when kings and hardly chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phoenicia's hilly tracks were most renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judea's land,
Hermon and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides.
Twice with the murex, crimson hue, they ting'd
The shining Fleeces; hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains
And lively verdure, (who the lucid stream

Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the Fleece,
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.
The rising Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts,
He rouz'd the brave to re-demand the Fleece.
Attend, ye British Swains! the ancient song.
From ev'ry region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrous twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And soon the laurel cord and the huge stone
Uplifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark,
Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand
Of Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty mast
Uprais'd, and sails full swelling, to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now first, now they learn'd
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep; the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,
And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves

Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs;
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course
But with too eager haste: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he springs upon the shore,
And rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threat'ning tow'rs
Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal; then smooth Propontis' wid'ning wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt:
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks!
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Thro' the sharp-pointed cliffs and thund'ring floods
Cleave their bold passage; nathless by the crags,
And torrents sorely shatter'd: as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net
Involv'd, breaks thro', yet leaves his plumes behind,
Thus thro' the wide waves their slow way they force
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths

Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves,
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wond'ring he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of Luxury: around,
In every glitt'ing hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found; for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Somtimes of King distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
The Shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the Golden Fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by ev'ry guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the Ram regain'd.
Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;

Thetrade-ship left his streams; the merchant shunn'd
His desert borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their seats;
Vile successors! and gloomy Ignorance,
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.
  Sithence the Fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Thessalian, bore esteem;
And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Iönia's coast,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of antient towns,
Thro' solitary vallies seeks the sea:
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
Those too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bless'd of highest taste,
What need I name? the Turdetanan track,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The finest webs? where scarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.
  Lo! the revolving course of mighty Time,
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,

The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? where the Attic Fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cots,
Or sunny meadows, cloth'd with costly care?
All in the solitude of ruin lost,
War's horrid carnage, vain ambition's dust.
Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame
In gloomy desolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus: each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Restituted Trade
To every virtue lent his helping stores,
And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe
And bleating flocks awak'd the cheerful lawn.
The glossy Fleeces now, of prime esteem,
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The Paradise of Indus. Next the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbour stretch'd immense,
Thro' many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law:
Remote dominions, nor to ancient fame
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,

Led to their distant climes advent'rous trade.
Add, too, the silken wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.
Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.
And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of silky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute
On Cambria bred; a pound o'erweighs a Fleece:
Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders; or Salopian stores,
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
Is oft' remember'd, tho' the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet. He † whose rustic Muse
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length
Of whitest locks and magnitude of Fleece
Peculiar? envy of the neighbouring realms!
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
While even the tillage of our cultur'd plains,

† Drayton.

With bossy turnip and luxuriant cole,
Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed?
Ingenious Trade, to clothe the naked world
Her soft materials not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious. In Eubœa's isle
A wondrous rock † is found, of which are woven
Vests incombustible; Batavia flax;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
Soft Persia silk; Balasor's shady hills
Tough bark of trees, Peruvian Pito grass;
And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat
Are light tiara's woven; that wreath the head,
And airy float behind. The beaver's flix
Gives kindliest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood slow rises thro' the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores
For num'rous uses known: none yield such warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.
Wild rove the flocks, no burd'ning Fleece they bear
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,

† A wondrous rock---the asbestos.

On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatters' use.
  Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,
And Canses †, echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains. While Time shakes down his sands,
And works continual change, be none secure:
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening nerves,
Ye Britons! nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous Nature; she is elsewhere kind.
See Missisippi lengthen-on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds; see the sheep ‡
Of fertile Arica ‖, like camels form'd,
Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with Fleeces soft as feathery down.
  Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Labouring at the wet shrouds or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear,
Nor what from Fleece Ratæan § mimic flowers
Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium ⸸ woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
  If any wool peculiar to our Isle

† Apacheria and Canses, provinces of Louisiania, on the western side of the Missisippi.

‡ The sheep are called Guanapos.

‖ Arica, a province of Peru.

§ Ratæan Fleeces, the Fleeces of Leicestershire. ⸸ Coventry.

Is given by Nature, 't is the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye
This Golden Fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.
    Happy the patriot who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a gen'rous aid
To honest toil in Cambria's hilly tracks,
Or where the Lune † or Coker ‡ wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? Far their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury, arise.
O might their mazy dales and mountain sides
With copious Fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulfy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs,
Then would the sister realms amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes!—To this lov'd end
Awake, Benevolence! to this lov'd end
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.

† Lune, a river in Cumberland. ‡ Coker, a river in Lancashire.

Far, far away whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride!) for your repast alone
Who claim all Nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasants' scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot, use.
Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Pow'r
(The Pow'r whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar, wisdom, wit, and strength;
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation strong;
Builds tow'ry cities, satiates every want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man, 's born
For the high bus'ness of the public good.
For me, 't is mine to pray that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart
And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,
In life's rough race. O be it as my wish!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this I wake the weary hours of rest;
With this desire the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep:
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,
Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
And China's long canals, those noble works,
Those high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, sedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;
Thus also mindful, thus devising good
At vacant seasons oft', when ev'ning mild
Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold
With dumb complacence; for religion this,
To give our every comfort to distress,
And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
And slumbers broken oft'; till fill'd at length
With inspiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,
Shew'd how the Fleece might stretch to greater length,
And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round;

Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils,
And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blasius! did not bless
Thy teaching hand? thy bosom, like the morn,
Op'ning its wealth, what nation did not seek
Of thy new-modell'd wool the curious webs?
 Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly festals: thro' their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds and order just,
Denoting Labour's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn: first the rout,
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His sway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of smiling Plenty's stores
Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand
Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless Ease
Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound;
And oft' they interpose improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks from experience that sometimes arise,
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn
Rouzes to labour man, to labour born.
 Then the sleek brightening lock from hand to hand
Renews its circling course: this feels the card;
That in the comb admires its growing length;
This blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it suffices not in flow'ry vales
Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool;
Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast,
Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts;
Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
The Fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe
In what variety the tribe of salts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abstersive or restringent; how
Steel casts the sable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid spirituous, the scarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mix'd, or chang'd,
By mediums colourless: why is the fume
Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious else? why no materials yield
Singly their colours, those except that shine
With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, tho' Nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the Fleece
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
To find effects while causes lie conceal'd
Reason uncertain tries: howe'er, kind Chance
Oft', with equivalent discovery, pays
Its wandering efforts. Thus the German sage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchymic fire
Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.
Tyrian Melcartus thus, (the first who brought

Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
And for unwearied toils and arts the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex strike a purple strain,
The purple stain on Fleecy woofs he spread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.
Our vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
The Dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone;
Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy delicacies high;
Gives to the curious works of Nature rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
His presence, pow'r, and goodness, unconfin'd,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal of human life their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants

Or real exigencies; passions swift
Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The clearest sense of Deity receive
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade thro' various climes;
Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
From human justice; who, astonish'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires;
The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile:
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
With stately towers; whose merchants, from their
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts; [isles
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy coats, their flocks, and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damascus pil'd his Fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint
And flow'ring shuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her streets, ah! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the dust they sunk in; by the breath

Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient site; a monument to those
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

THF FLEECE.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labour. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. Country workhouses proposed; with a Description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labours of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving; its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts of England. Censure of those who would reject the persecuted and the stranger; our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it; hence a wish that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seats of our manufactures. Other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red-Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse! resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long disus'd, tho' sweet the tone,
And to the songs of Nature's choristers
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Tho few; for every note which Virtue wounds,
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,

To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft'
Has false dissembling Vice to am'rous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedless youth allur'd;
Too oft', with bolder sound, inflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the Fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and sheepfolds were the Muses' haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, tho' feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote! whose benevolence
Visits our vallies, where the pasture spreads,
And where the bramble, and would justly act
True charity, by teaching idle Want
And Vice the inclination to do good;
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Tho' grateful toil. Ev'n Nature lives by toil:
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at rest
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. This of old
Wise states observing, gave that happy law
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft' call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Thro' all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple Nature yields

(And Nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground!
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the Fleece
(Yet, useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the lengths of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village Nymphs!
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Gray dawn appears: the golden Morn ascends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils;
Behold the Fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village Nymphs, ye Matrons, and ye Maids!
Receive the soft material; with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye, and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-less'ning thread;
Even, unknotted, twine will praise your skill.
A diff'rent spinning every diff'rent web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the length'ning flake.

There are, to speed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double spol'd, which yield to either hand
A sev'ral line; and many yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian † towns:
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning when th' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen! no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a spiral engine ‡ form'd,
Which on an hundred spoles an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye Nymphs! let anger cloud your brows;
The more is wrought the more is still requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed:
Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade

† The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

‡ Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which ever-gliding feed the flow'ry lawn:
Nor, should the careful State, severely kind,
In every province to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain:
Yours with the public good shall ever rise,
Ever, while o'er the lawns and airy downs
The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the glist'ning Fleece,
And th' am'rous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

Th' am'rous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich industry. First he bespeaks a loom;
From some thick wood the carpenter selects
A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
Or sapplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
The post, and treadles, and the frame combines:
The smith, with iron screws and plated hoops,
Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe
And graver's knife the hollow shuttle add.
Various professions in the work unite,

For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
Howe'er in vulgar use around the globe
Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' advent'rous voyager,
Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
Hears on remotest shores the murm'ring loom,
Sees the deep-furrowing plough and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?
Next the industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or high-way side,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
And sits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof and shut altern;
And ever and anon to firm the work,
Against the web is driv'n the noisy frame,
That o'er the level rushes, like a surge
Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft' op'ning, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
Spread by the rosy fingers of the Morn,
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.
Or, if the broader mantle be the task,
He chuses some companion to his toil.
From side to side, with amicable aim,

Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the op'ning mind.
What need we name the sev'ral kinds of looms?
Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers guide
The artist's hand, he, unseen, flow'rs, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works:
Or that whose num'rous needles, glitt'ring bright,
Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs;
Modern invention; modern is the want.
Next from the slacken'd beam the woof, unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd,
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.
Oft' the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
Fast dripping, to the river's grassy bank,
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength
Wring out the latent water: then up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands,
Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
And gathering worth, as human life in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothiers' shears
And burler's thistle skim the surface sheen.
The round of work goes on from day to day,
Season to season. So the husbandman
Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;

The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
The sickle labours, and the slow teem strains,
Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.
 The ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd Fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad.
Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
Like those that canopy the bow'rs of Stowe
After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.
 From yon' broad vase behold the saffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
These shall the prince with purple robes adorn,
And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.
 Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only: black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues arise.
 That stain alone is good which bears unchang'd
Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need
With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
To seek the best adapted dyes, and salts,
And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
In opening well the fibres of the woof

For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the pow'rs which lock them in the web;
Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air;
Or fountain-water's cold contractive wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
And who inquires the cause why Gallia's sons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons! grasp in every art
The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's strand,
The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.
Now see, o'er vales and peopled mountain-tops
The welcome traders gathering every web,
Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
Successless oft' their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubl'd streets;
Their motion stopp'd by wild Intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps, while Misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mould'ring huts.
O when, thro' every province, shall be rais'd
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
For those who now delight in fruitless sports
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye Poor! who seek,

Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye Lame! ye Blind!
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways and mountains wild,
Thro' storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of Affliction! be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable Rigour shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of Trade,
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile.
Erect the mansion *: here soft Fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage: here your viands are prepar'd:
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.
  Behold in Calder's * vale, while wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise:
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,

* Erect the mansion----This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

* Calder, a river in Yorkshire, which runs below Hallifax, and passes by Wakefield.

Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-assorted Fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer flake;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax, too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together as a choir of larks;
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust
Rasping or grinding tough Brasilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web,
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown
A circular machine *, of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread

* A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton, but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around these cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which with rapid whirl
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile;
And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and bus'ness guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work,
O'er high, o'er low they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid,
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn;

The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads;
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
Crown'd with full baskets in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of axe and hammer; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First view'd her growing turrets: so appear
Th' encreasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo! in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like War's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance. Deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,

That hopes to lift its branches to the skies.
Gold cannot gold appear until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams
With oft'-repeated toil, and oft' in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue
And tedious process of its painful works
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.
  But cheerful are the labours of the loom,
By health and ease accompany'd: they bring
Superior treasures speedier to the state
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
(Wretched requital!) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale Palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
Behold arising in their fatt'ning flocks
A double wealth more rich than Belgium's boast,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Carthayans, whose ignobler care
Nurses the silk-worm; or of India's sons,
Who plant the cotton grove by Ganges' stream.
Nor do their toils and products furnish more
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give clothing to necessity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wand'rer on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.
  No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate! life little needs

Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
To cast the strong-flung shuttle or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,
In the besieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm
'Mid wild discordant waves with steady course?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions, climes, tho' barren, yet beyond
The baneful pow'r of tyrants? These are deeds
To which their hardy labours well prepare
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion! with unyielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long renown'd wide envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; she from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe
The golden-footed Sciences their path
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy,
And follow'd close by ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts

Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheldt.
With speedy wing and scatter'd course they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Egypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutricious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then from fair Antwerp an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas,
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare
And fertile Waveney pitch'd, and made their seats
Pleasant Norvicum and Colcestria's tow'rs:
Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose
Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.
Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
With cheer reviv'd and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd;
Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
Nor those by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleas'd
With Salop's various scenes, and that soft track
Of Cambria, deep embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd,

Nurse of the rustic bard who now resounds
The fortunes of the Fleece; whose ancestors
Were fugitives from Superstition's rage,
And erst from Devon thither brought the loom,
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's tow'rs,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastra's arms, emboss'd in mould'ring stone.
  Thus, then, on Albion's coast the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheldt, alighted, and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet at times they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Restraint, or southern Luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inspirited, their art improves the Fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state
With friendly arm they rais'd us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd
And envy'd who enrich'd them; envy'd those
Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns
The useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.
  And still when bigotry's black clouds arise,
(For oft' they sudden rise in Papal realms)
They from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of Superstition and tyrannic rage,

And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the suff'rers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by distresses oft'
(Distresses for the sake of truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Wherever they inhabit: this our isle
Has oft' experienc'd; witness all ye realms
Of either hemisphere where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is stamp'd on every bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impression; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and baize, and serge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
And that crytsalline metal, blown or fus'd,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of mossy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has giv'n the Fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety;
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's ‡ nymphs;
Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

‡ There is woven at Manchester, for the East Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton, which [illegible] cooler than the manufactures of that country where the material is only cotton.

They too, the many-colour'd Arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
Of sportive fancy; such as oft' appear
In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
Upturns the crumbling glebe of weldon field,
Or that o'ershaded erst by Woodstock's bower,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
Rise glowing tapestries that lure the eye
With Marlb'rough's wars: here Schellenbergh exults
Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another scene is Blenhiem's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here the rescued states
Crowding beneath his shield; there Ramillies'
Important battle: next the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest—Ah! then, what pow'r
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? so lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,
While she assay'd, with rage of holy war,
To desolate their fields: but old the skill;
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd;
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts excell'd,

And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.
 Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials: the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish, boasts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.
 But chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells
There will be Traffic's seat; there will she build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy Swains!
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood, while ye proceed,
Active and enterprising, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep:
Why to the narrow circle of our coast
Should we submit our limits, while each wind
Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build
Upon the foodful brine her envy'd power,
And half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fishy regions: thus our isle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—

But whether, by the visions of the theme
Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
The raptur'd Muse, forgetful of her task?
 No common pleasure warms the gen'rous mind
When it beholds the labours of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Thro' many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
Or Armine, ancient works; and thence explore,
Thro' ev'ry navigable wave, the sea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne and Tees,
Thro' Weare and Lune, and merchandising Hull,
And Swale and Aire, whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Thro' Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and with the sober pace
Of cautious eld meand'ring to the deep;
Thro' Dart and sullen Exe, whose murm'ring wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The serge and kersie to their blanching streams;
Thro' Towy winding under Merlin's tow'rs,
And Usk that, frequent among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain snows.
The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,

Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigu'd, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And spreads the swelling sheets. For no where far
From some transparent river's naval course
Arise and fall our various hills and vales,
No where far distant from the masted wharf.
We need not vex the strong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the sable waters of the Nile
From Memphis' towers to th' Erythæan gulf;
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams
Thro' many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
That some unprofitable skiff might float
Across irriguous dales and hollow'd rocks.
  Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And thro' the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone disparted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
The nimble footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs, and those who o'er the grots preside,
Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,

Long sitting at the loom; and those besides
Who crown with yellow sheaves the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
These on the dewy lawns await to speed
And celebrate the union, that the Fleece
And glossy web to every port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods the burden'd barks,
With white sails glist'ning, thro the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever checker'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world; the strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets!
Lo, from the simple Fleece how much proceeds!

THE FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Afric. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates; hence the passage through Hudson's Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main,
A floating forest: every sail unfurl'd
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
Mean-time, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady; with eye intent upon the steel,
Steady before the breeze the pilot steers,
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,

Which copious gives return; while some explore
Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
Illustrious Peter! whose magnific toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand
And Dover's chalky cliff behind them turn.
Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney Marish and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.
An hundred op'ning marts are seen, are lost;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecumb Mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene!
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer; and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells,
O'er whose imaginary brim nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phoebus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heav'n's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft', th' advent'rous sails disperse:
These to Iberia, others to the coasts
Of Lusitania, th' acnient Pharsis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions! with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester;

Light airy cloathing for their vacant swains
And visionary monks. We in return
Receive Cantabrian steel, and Fleeces soft,
Sagovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Pow'rful incentive; or Hesperian fruits,
Fruits of spontaneous growth; the Citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.
Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage thro'
The gates of Hercules*, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd opening to their keels;
But shores inhospitable oft' to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracks become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Resign their ruins. Tiber's boasted flood,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along thro' brakes and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murm'ring rill.
Such are th' effects when Virtue slacks her hands;
Wild nature back returns. Along these shores
Neglected Trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of Luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,

* The Straits of Gibraltar.

Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre
And elder Sidon as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts
That in those glitt'ring seas with splendour rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosperous state, and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.
To these resort the delegates of Trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood,
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, dispense; yet see with vain regret
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or sought or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth wov'n, of other than Britannia's Fleece,
On the throng'd strand alluring: the great skill
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails,
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—it is not—
Wrong not the Gaul: it is the foe within
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he who pours into the shops of trade
That impious poison: it is he who gains
The sacred seat of parliament by means
That vitiate and emasculate the mind;
By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
Of riot worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.
Mean-time, (while those who dare be just, oppose

The various powers of many-headed Vice)
Ye Delegates of Trade! by patience rise
O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
Note what is found of use; the flix of goat,
Red wool, and balm, and coffee's berry brown,
Or drooping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft',
By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simoïs, or Mæander slow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue, and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful relics! could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabean Frankincense
Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy cowl, majestical no more.

See the dark spirit of tyrrannic pow'r!
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the Mœötis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement. In aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not; insolent of rule, he spreads
Thraldom and desolation o'er his realms.

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulf
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crouds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams,
And borderers of the Caspian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes which fill'd
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis, to the port of wealthy Tyre,
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails,
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets
From Ezion-geber pass'd th' Arabian gulf.

But later times, more fortunate, have found
O'er ocean's open wave a surer course,
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracks,
And Islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade,
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now of commerce made the scene immense,
Which daring ships frequent, associated
Like doves or swallows in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.
Some with more open course to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant, of th' angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads thecliffs with foam,
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
Porpoise or grampus, or the rav'nous shark
That chase their keels; or threat'ning rock o'er head
Of Atlas old; beneath the threat'ning rocks,
Reckless they furl their sails, and, bart'ring, take
Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.
The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador; Zara, too, displays
Unfruitful deserts; Gambia's wave inisles
An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's sultry strand the drapery ligh

Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade
Along this barbarous coast in telling wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves:
Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane and the Tobago leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs.

But let the man whose rough tempestuous hours
In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Hot Guinea too, gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy desarts, rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid. Howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a track
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous: their sable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes

Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders. Whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, Ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motopa's coast
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
Of Cafres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents. What barbarity
And brutal ignorance where social trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding sails!
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of prosperous voyage, steer. Rejoice to view
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind:
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.

Sees! thro' the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir, in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, tho' unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course

The vessels glide, unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft' lie on those smooth seas
While ev'ry zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's are found.
Such calm oft' checks their course, till this bright scene
Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swelling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft'
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar,
And fill'd with plenty, tho' dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the pow'r of trade.
Persia few ports: more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.

But what avails or many ports or few,
Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up, while fell Revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies? Oft' in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloth'd:
In vain whom rage or famine has devour'd
He seeks, and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many colour'd saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the cloathier knows their worth;
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the Fleece unfriendly whether mix'd
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material, tho' its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not. Let none deem
The fleece in any traffic unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided, while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade
Which Leeds or Cairo, Lima or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Tho' all unconscious of the union act.
Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar, where it behoves
The weary pilot, while he coasts their shores,

To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles:
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks,
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoys purple hills.
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer on a poplar's trunk,
Clustering innumerable: these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whose volcanoes rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darted in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves
In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cor'mandel, where Traffic grieves to see
Discord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
"Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons! and ye Gauls!
"Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
"Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts;"
But cries aloud in vain. Yet, wise defence
Against Ambition's wide-destroying pride,
Madras erected, and saint David's fort,
And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
Guarding the woven Fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's from their holds
The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
And see the country's products in exchange,
Before them heap'd; cotton's transparent webs,

Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoise-shell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our drap'ries are dispers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late-discover'd Tibet, where the Fleece,
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
To threadless drapery, which in conic forms
Of various hues their gaudy roofs adorns.
  The keels which voyage thro' Molucca's Straits
Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures. Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd,
While gracious Nature with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.
  Near those delicious isles the beauteous coas
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of Trade! that ever-flow'ry shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy tow'rs of porcelain
And pillar'd pagod shine; rejoic'd they see

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The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in brass or steel,
And flint, and pond'rous lead, from deep cells rais'd
Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn mast:
These for the artists of the Fleece procure
Various materials; and for affluent life
The flavour'd thea and glossy-painted vase;
Things elegant, ill-titled Luxuries,
In temperance us'd delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the strongest thread
Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
In constant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bord'ring seas,
Rise floating villages. No wonder, when
In every province firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable streams,
Ever with ease conduct the works of toil
To sure and speedy markets, thro' the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial tow'rs of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the Fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,

And Yare, and Avon slow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Russic caravans are brought,
Thro' Scythia's num'rous regions, waste and wild,
Journey immense! which to th' attentive ear
The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.
 From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
The watery seat of Desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans, and urge,
Thro' dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road;
By compass steering oft' from week to week,
From month to month; whole seasons view their toils.
Neva they pass, and Kesma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatning in vain; and many a cataract
In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.
 Close on the left unnumber'd tracks they view
White with continual frost; and on the right
The Caspian Lake and ever-flow'ry realms,
Tho' now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destin'd to the sword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot
Thick strown; while in their rough bewilder'd vales
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
 Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
The gen'rous horse conveys the sons of Trade,
And ever and anon the docile dog,

And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace
Skims over icy lakes: now slow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising moon, thro' watery mists;
Tobol! th' abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl and prince,
Soldier and Statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity
Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thrist, and nakedness,
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks
Of trade are kindled. Trade arises oft',
And virtue, from adversity and want:
Be witness, Carthage! witness, ancient Tyre!
And thou, Batavia! daughter of distress.
This with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives:
All are employ'd, and by their works acquire
Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan
Thro' lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,
And yellow tillages in opening wood;
Thence on, thro' Narim's wilds, a pathless road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex'd;
Land of the lazy Ostiacs, thin dispers'd,

Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe!
Void of commercial comforts; who nor corn,
Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share,
Nor social aid: beneath their thorny bed
The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains, and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams
Of Oby' and Irtis, and Jenisca swift,
Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work, that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent! beyond the length
Of many a potent empire: towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows
At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires,
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the Fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of stedfast earth; for so
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse!
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine,
From high Parnassus, the unweary'd toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.
Happy the voyage o'er th' Atlantic brine
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast, for future colonies
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of Labour: thither from the wrongs
Of lawless rule the free-born spirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind!

But joy superior far his bosom warms
Who views those shores in ev'ry culture dress'd,
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley, and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, pow'rful and rich,
In regions far remote; who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
Ye who the shuttle casts along the loom,
The silk-worm's thread inweaving with the Fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian track,
Nor slight the green savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Upsprings the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions which afford
More implements of commerce and of wealth?
Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm rewards
The Fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.

Blush, Europeans! whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates. Ye routs,
Who for your crimes have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain
Seek easy habitations, void of care;
The sons of Nature with astonishment
And detestation mark your evil deeds,
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachuset, happy in those arts
That join the politics of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either; they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew
Who on the frozen beach of Newfoundland
Hang their white fish amid the parching winds;
The kindly Fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frize of Cambria, worn by those who seek,
Thro' gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, tho' oft they seek in vain,
While winter's frosty rigour checks approach
E'en in the fiftieth latitude. Say why,
(If ye the travell'd sons of Commerce know)
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the suns annual course, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
Their plains and hillocks blush with clust'ring vines?

Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labour drain their gusty lakes,
Enlarge the bright'ning sky, and, peopling, warm
The opening vallies and the yellowing plains!
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And thro' the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange,
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle; nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's Isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The labouring vessel: neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind: no traffic there,
No barter, for the Fleece: there angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous Mariners!
Be firm; take courage from the brave: it was there
Perils and conflicts inexpressible
Anson, with steady undespairing breast,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd

His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rouz'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyss,
And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts,
While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks, and shrouds, and sights of death.
  Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten Land's o'erhanging shore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling; as when Pelion rear'd
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
  At length, thro' every tempest, as some branch
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, tho' deep immers'd,
Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth thro' the vallies; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense!
And rear'd his lofty masts and spread his sails.

Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To shew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence, altho' the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; tho' fell Disease,
Un'bating Labour, tedious Time conspir'd;
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Tho' that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the world,
Deny'd all hospitable land or port;
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyss whereon
To drop the fastening anchor; tho' his brave
Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme;
Tho' solitary left in Tinian's seas,
Where never was before the dreaded sound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!

Rejoice, ye Nations! vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,
The armed host, and murdering sword of war,
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her solemn compacts in the lust of rule:

Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her Fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye, too, rejoice, ye Swains!
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift! bestows; a day will come
When thro' new channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all th' realms
That stretch from Anian's Straits to proud Japan,
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailors' chart:
Then every variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel, and currents mark'd
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.
That portion, too, of land a track immense,
Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft Fleece shall every where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fresh,
Her flight renew: mean-while, with weary wing
O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight,

The Shepherds' haunts, where the first springs arise
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

The morning's fair; the lusty sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run,
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.
I am resolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to stray,
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about:
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food,
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does Nature show!
Augusta! wipe thy dusty brow;
A landscape wide salutes my sight
Of shady vales and mountains bright;
And azure heav'ns I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow,

And every neigh'bring hedge I greet,
With honey-suckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy-meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A riv'let gliding smoothly by,
Which shews with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide:
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a weary'd swain,
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply.
Happy Swain! sure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.
The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow,
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood,
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with their lays.
Oh! pow'rful Silence! how you reign
In the poet's busy brain!
His num'rous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls;

Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.
  Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring,
Where they behold a lonely well
Where now no tuneful muses dwell,
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
  Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy,
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, it is not her voice I find;
'Tis but the echo stays behind.
  Some meditate Ambition's brow,
And the black gulph that gapes below,
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery:
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon' rustling spray
It made them vanish all away.
  I rouze me up, and on I rove;
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper thro' the trees;

And as I leave the sylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see
Leaning on an aged tree,
Whose willow wall and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below:
Thro' spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown;
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
  Up Grongar hill * I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh! how fresh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie.
Temples! and towns! and towers! and woods!—
And hills! and vales! and fields! and floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds and barren ground.
  See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,

* A hill in South Wales.

Which the sunbeams shine upon
To the even from the dawn.
See her woods, where echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bow'rs and shining lakes.
Keep, ye Gods! this humble seat
For ever pleasant, private, neat.
See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep;
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;
On whose high top there rises great
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tow'r whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
Look upou that flow'ry plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams while slow they run;

And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires;
Which send up smoke in curling spires;
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To Arbergasney * I descend.
But, oh! how bless'd would be the day
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

* The name of a seat belonging to the Author's brother.

THE INQUIRY.

Ye poor little Sheep! ah! well may ye stray,
While sad is your shepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been; have you met with my love
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-a-day! No—ye are starv'd and half dead;
Ye saw not my love, or ye all had been fed.
Oh, Sun! did you see her?—ah! surely you did:
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is she hid?
Ye tall-whistling Pines! that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you see her a-roving in wood or in brake,
Or bathing her fair limbs in some silent lake?
Ye mountains! that look on the vigorous east,
And the north, and the south, and the wearisome west,
Pray tell where she hides her; you surely do know;
And let not her lover pine after her so.
Oh! had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the sky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide diplay'd
And dart in my eyes at each whispering shade:
I'd search every tuft in my diligent tour,
I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bow'r,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myself quiet and happy again.

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE.

TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Master of the loveliest art!
How sweet our senses you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po—the Minis there,
Winding about with sedgy hair;
And there the Tiber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood;
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Granic's bloody banks,
Who bravely die, or basely run
From Philip's all-subduing son;
And there the wounded Porus, brought
(The bravest man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntless visage as he lies
In death's most painful agonies.
To me reveal thy heav'nly art,
To me thy mysteries impart.
As yet I but in verse can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you show,
Seeming Nature's living glow:

The beauteous shapes of objects near,
Or distant ones confus'd in air;
The golden eve, the blushing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleasing views of checker'd glades,
And rivers winding thro' the shades,
And sunny hills—and pleasant plains,
And groups of merry nymphs and swains.
Or some old building, hid with grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd face,
Whose columns, frizes, statues; lie
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or swift adown a mountain tall
A foaming cat'ract's sounding fall,
Whose loud roaring stuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller;
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level shining sea;
Or surges rough, that froth and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding shore;
And vessels toss'd, and billows high,
And light'ning flashing from the sky;
Or that which gives me most delight,
The fair idea (seeming sight!)
Of warrior fierce, with shining blade,
Or orator, with arms display'd,
Tully's engaging air and mien
Declaiming against Catiline;
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.

Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aside,
Lifting Antæus high in air,
Who in his gripe expires there.
Or Sisyphus, with toil and sweat,
And muscles strain'd, striving to get
Up a steep hill a ponderous stone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down;
Or beauteous Helen's easy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
These you can do—I but advance
In a florid ignorance,
And say to you, who better know,
You should design them so and so.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON *.

Tell me, wondrous Friend! where were you
When Gideon was your lofty song?
Where did the heav'nly spirit bear you
When your fair soul reflected strong
Gideon's actions, as they shin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind?

* Those lines in this poem marked with inverted commas are taken out of the poem called Gideon.

Say, have you trod Arabia's spicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beside Euphrates' stream,
Or lonely sung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heav'nly Gideon was your sacred theme?
Or have you many ages giv'n
To close retirement and to books,
And held a long discourse with Heav'n,
And notic'd Nature in her various looks,
Full of inspiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye,
Like a pleas'd traveller, that lingers sweet
On some fair and lofty plain
Where the sun does brightly shine,
And glorious prospects all around him lie.
On Gideon's pages beautifully shine
Surprising pictures rising to my sight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding shade and light,
And all the grace of something more divine.
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I see a youth divinely fair!
" Pensive he leans his head on his left hand;
" His smiling eye sheds sweetness mix'd with awe;
" His right hand with a milk-white wand some figure seems to draw!
" A nameless grace is scatter'd thro' his air,
" And o'er his shoulders loosely flows his amber-colour'd hair!"
Above, with burning blush the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;

" Slow from the plain the melting dews,
" To kiss the sunbeams, climbing, rise," *&c.*
Methinks the grove of Baal I see,
In terrac'd stages mount up high,
And wave its sable beauties in the sky
" From stage to stage broad step of b[illegible]-hid stone,
" With curling moss and blady grass o'er grown,
" Lead awful"—
Down in a dungeon deep,
" Where thro' thick walls, oblique, the broken light
" From narrow loopholes quivers to the sight,
" With swift and furious stride,
" Close-folded arms, and short and sudden starts,
" The fretful prince, in dumb and sullen pride
" Resolves escape"—
Here in red colours, glowing bold,
A warlike figure strikes my eye,
The dreadful sudden sight his foes behold
Confounded so, they lose the pow'r to fly;
" Backening they gaze at distance on his face,
" Admire his posture, and confess his grace;
" His right hand grasps his planted spear," *&c.*
Alas! my Muse! thro' much good will your err,
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a scatter'd few they were,
While every words a beauty in his song!

TO MR. SAVAGE,

SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

SINK not my, Friend! beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinsically great,
Shame on the dull! who think the soul looks less
Because the body wants a glitt'ring dress.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire.
That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes
Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.
Wealth dims the eyes of crouds, and while they gaze
The coxcomb's ne'er discover'd in the blaze.
As few the vices of the wealthy see,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers!—In that name how wouldst thou shine?
Thy verse how sweet! thy fancy how divine!
Critics and bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou has nought to please the vulgar eye,
No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt small praise but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if tho' few, they any faults can see,
How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
But since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure it's the greatest fault to be severe.

A few, however, yet expect to find
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause;
Who with felt pleasure see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize;
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more the more deprest.
Thee, Savage! these (the justly great) admire;
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire;
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

AN EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN*.

HAVE my friends in the Town, in the gay busy Town
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
(Contented!—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye Cascades!
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

* Among the poems of Mr. Savage there is one to Mr. Dyer, in answer to his from the country.

Till Outrage arises, or Misery needs
The swift, the intrepid avenger;
Till sacred Religion or Liberty bleeds,
Then nine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, what wealth and domain
We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and ev'n,
While gently the body descends to the grave,
And the spirit arises to heav'n.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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THE END.